

THE

SPIRITUAL TIMES

A WEEKLY ORGAN DEVOTED TO THE FACTS, PHILOSOPHY, AND PRACTICAL USES OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

WE HOLD THAT GOD IS OUR FATHER, MAN OUR BROTHER, IMMORTALITY OUR DESTINY.

Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."

"The life that now is shapes the life that is to be."

No. 66, VOL. II.

SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1865.

PRICE 2d.

Spiritualism unfolds to our internal senses substantial realities, presenting not only with the semblances, but the positive evidences of eternal existence, causing us to feel that the passing shadows we speak of belong not to the spiritual, but the material world. It is easy to imagine that we are dealing with the absolute and enduring, because we associate our thoughts with the external and apparently lasting; but, on reflection, we discover that the only absolute and enduring facts are beyond the tomb.

THE BURNING DESIRE.

We have lately had a fresh supply of literary small talk on the subject of Spiritualism. We thought the oft-repeated replies that have been given to the common anti-arguments would have silenced their writers, or, at least, made them ashamed to rake up afresh the rubbish which supplies the place of logic whenever they touch the subject. But no; such literary small fry as the Flaneur find it a pleasant, if not a profitable, process, to pander to the popular taste, denouncing and defaming Spiritualists, whilst they foolishly imagine they injure Spiritualism.

We, last week, presented "Mr. Sothern in a new character," and showed how completely he was deluded in deeming his buffoonery capable of hurting Spiritualism, or proving its mediums dishonest. His defeat may be taken as a fair criterion for all such abortive attempts. As well may the sceptic attempt to send back the advancing waves of the ocean—make the seasons rest on their wondrous round—close up for ever the volume of nature—as attempt to exile spirit from existence; for, whilst spirit dwells in us and around us, Spiritualism is destined to reign. What, tables and chairs tumble about and trance-speakers discourse, and ghosts walk and talk? Certainly, if they are necessary, not otherwise. Spirits manifest themselves or their mission according to the conditions surrounding. People whose soul-state is such that no high order of spiritual beings can approach are more likely to profit by tables tumbling about, or ghosts walking and talking than by any manifestations of a subjective character. Spiritualism claims the rough furniture-rocking phenomena, but they are not Spiritualism. It claims likewise all the trance-discourses of the lower and higher character—all the drawings of the simplest and most complicated form—all the poetry of the puerile and most magnificent character—but these are not Spiritualism; and we would here warn the Flaneurs and Dundrearies that their mistake grows out of their littleness of comprehension. They take a few rappings on a table heard at Mrs. Marshall's, or a tranco-discourse heard at Mr. Wallace's, to be the *summa totalis* of Spiritualism, and, believing them tricks, conclude that Spiritualism has no actual existence other than in the brains of the "befooled" (to quote an expression from the Flaneur himself.) Now, the sooner they learn the contrary the better. Spiritualism is not sectarian, yet it works in all sects. It is not Mrs. Marshall or the Du-

venports, yet it works in them. It is not the Flaneur, Addison, or Dundreary, yet it works in them, because, being related to all spirit, it must operate in some way or other, even on the men who try to prove Spiritualists "befooled." We do not here wish to give the impression that these men have not been using their individual capacities against the subject, believing themselves free from spiritual influence, but we are convinced they have been under spiritual influence, nevertheless. In this sense every human being is a medium, whether he knows it or not. The character of the operating influences we do not here stop to consider. If each individual have within himself a spirit, that spirit must hold some kind of relationship with the Universal Spirit. Like attracted by like, is only another rendering of the old adage, "Birds of a feather flock together." We think Addison, Toole, Sothern, "Ferret," and the Flaneur, quite of a feather, and just the sort of birds to get their wings soiled—mediumistic enough for mischievous spirits to "befool" by setting them in the track of mediums of acknowledged truthfulness.

It is quite reasonable to suppose the whole of these men, disgusted with the name of Spiritualism, are constantly burning with a desire to do something clever to put it down; and it is no cause for wonder that every now and then Toole plays the fool with Brother Sam; and some "Ferret" and the unyielding Yates write themselves dolts—all this follows as a natural corollary from the aforesaid burning desire; but should these gentlemen ever ask themselves where their burning desire came from, they might see their mistake in attacking Spiritualism. We would kindly remind them that there are hosts of spirits of such a mischievous character as to delight in stimulating the already enlarged self-esteem and love of approbation of those who feel the burning desire to do something clever in the way of extinguishing the sun; and when they make the foolish attempt and fail, the lesson they learn would be invaluable to them if they would only apply it. The burning desire should be resisted and overcome. Spirits can inspire and impress. What is man if he allow their inspirings and impressionings to control him without a consenting voice? simply an animated automaton. Spiritualists are beginning to learn this; the sooner those who have not do so the better. There can be nothing more degrading than entire subjection to any embodied or disembodied spirit. Man should use and not abuse every faculty of his brain and every function of his body; he, not others, should use them. The influxes from the spirit-world enter his soul, but he alone is master of his own temple—if his own reason do not sanction them, he has the power to refuse to act as they may prompt. It is by this power of decision that man rises superior to the animal creation, and maintains his manhood. Therefore, while we argue that those "too-clever-by-half" gentlemen who, prompted by a burning desire, burlesque or denounce Spiritualism, are influenced by spirits, we simply argue that they allow their influencers, or their burning desire, to rule them; the result is, they are "befooled" to their bent, and are truly the men who most of all suffer from Spiritualism. But

again we urge that their experiences are not Spiritualism—only a portion of its manifestations.

Our readers, through these columns, have, from time to time, been made acquainted with the conduct of those of the burning desire Sothern and Flaneur kind of opponents; we need hardly recapitulate—indeed, it is a tedious task having to go again over the same ground. But certain events transpire, mere mites in themselves, but which are swollen into mountains by such gentlemen as the Flaneur, and since nearly the whole press are against Spiritualism, we feel it necessary to say a few words, at the risk even of being tedious, in defence of the truth and the truthful. The Flaneur has suddenly discovered that Mr. Home is a "frank, honest, manly-looking fellow" because he has called the Davenports "unmitigated humbugs." Poor Mr. Home! we pity him to think that he should allow a miserable feeling of jealousy to get the better of his manhood in making such a statement. It would have been a fabrication, no doubt, had Mr. Home called himself an "unmitigated humbug," but he would only have stated what he knew to be untrue, and hurt himself; but, as it is, he stated not what he knew to be true of the Brothers with a view to injure them.

This is certainly a mysterious world, and human nature is as great a problem to-day as it was at the beginning of its history. The Flaneur eagerly seized upon Mr. Home's piece of scandal, and clumsily threw it at the Spiritualists. But he did not pause to ask if there were any scandal-mongering among the votaries of the pen; for instance, did he not once find himself outlawed from the Garrick Club for dealing too freely in a species of miserable twaddle about Thackeray? and has he not lately outstripped even Home's audacity in his late attacks on Spiritualism? The fact is, jealousy and scandal have an affinity for each other. Neither Mr. Home, nor the Flaneur, with all his sublime sagacity, can make them effectual in beating down truth. The assertion of Mr. Home in private was a mere trifle, but mark how huge are its proportions since the Flaneur got hold of it! But it is gratifying to know that all trumpery jealousy and unmitigated slander, such as we have had, from time to time, in the columns of the *Morning Star* are so much "sound and fury signifying nothing." We wait with no impatience for fresh instalments of rubbish from the press, especially from the Flaneur, whose ire at having been beaten out of his own paper for a time by Dr. Nichols, on the subject of the Davenports, makes him often desperate.

In the meantime we hope our readers will keep on their guard, lest those possessing the "burning desire" we have descended upon should shock their nerves by suddenly essaying to extinguish the universe.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.

CO-OPERATION OR ORGANISATION.

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Times*.

Dear Sir.—Your insertion of my letter, so courteously and immediately, demands my acknowledgment. If I had not the cause of Spiritualism at heart, if I did not firmly believe, as the first article of my individual faith, that by its means the only lever can be gained by which to hoist out of existence many evils of great magnitude in our moral state (and we are not engineers, to hoist with our own petard,) I would not waste time and stationery in defending my propositions, regarding the question of Co-operation or Organisation.

Although much younger in years than many ardent brother Spiritualists, it so happens that I have made it more of an individual study than has occurred in most cases. I have been very fortunate in receiving kind aid from visible and invisible friends, in guidance of my investigations; but during all my time of study, I have not found Organisation succeed. It was frequently attempted in illuminism and failed. It was not without a pang that the Egyptian Lodge, founded by the celebrated Joseph Balsamo (otherwise, Count Cagliostro), was abandoned; but that Organisation was a signal defeat to the advance guard of the Revolution in France, the greatest bounty, in my opinion, vouchsafed by Providence to Europe in the last hundred years. English masonry, of which, for its many and noble charities

(it is desirable to speak with the deepest regard and respect), is still a mystery and difficulty in the paths of the majority of our population; and chiefly because the lodge meetings at fixed periods (I speak of the ceremonies), imply Organisation; though I must concede, in this instance, that masonic charity ever proceeds upon its righteous path. But, nevertheless, men may be just as charitable outside freemasonry as in it, if they will or can.

If we look at politics: why is no stable Government possible in many regions? but simply because Organisation, and not Co-operation, is made the prevailing principle. The only organiser we can presume to exist, is the Creator; the only King we can possibly form a conception of, as a real and substantial positive King—caring unceasingly for His subjects—is either God's machine, in one man, endowed with every virtue, and at challenge upon every knowledge—a simple impossibility—or a sovereignty composed of a concretion of individuals working out the same problems by individual efforts in a private manner; but subject only to the laws of the Invisible King. This last state of society, or, as I would rather call it, association, is democracy, simple, but certain, and irrevocable. A democracy Co-operates to a general good; and Organisation tends, sooner or later, to an individual influence and autocracy, of which the wretched American war is an example.

Therefore, in democracy, properly Co-operative, and not political, we can Co-operate in ten thousand ways unknown to each other. In autocracy, we require the vigilant eye, not unfrequently perverted by the individual fear of failure. Did you ever hear of a despot who escaped without full pockets? It matters not whether a Louis Philippe or a Faustin Soulouque. As Shakespeare says, "They had their losses;" but came nicely, like a bran new bankrupt, out of their troubles.

You must kindly allow me to argue, so far, my point of this question of Co-operation. Had men in France or Hayti Co-operated, revolution need not have taken place. In your appended remark on my letter, you seem to think that I lean towards the "finality" doctrine, ably exploded, long since, by eminent writers, I was disposed to imagine that, like the famous Kraken of Norway, or the Isle of Atlantis, it had sunk, not again to put its head above water. It is true that I do bring despotism and democracy in my last letter, somewhat in juxtaposition; but in that do I not imitate the structure of general society. Do you not find, that in grim reality, they exist together "cheek-by-jowl?" I sincerely hope that you see I do it, both in good faith and in good humour. To those that prefer despotism, I do not deny the path; to democrats, I say, please yourselves; but this is, in our view, the precise distinction between Organisation and Co-operation. I do not say, do not organise. I simply affirm that it is better in our present imperfect state of investigation to Co-operate.

Each individual mind must have attendant upon it many associations; but each individual mind is its own certificate, if it work to any purpose, of its sincerity and truthfulness in working out that purpose. We are not to despise or discourage our opponents. They may be right, and so may we. Cool and guarded investigation is the noblest way to deal, not only with Spiritualism, but with all vital questions.

As Tennyson sings:—

"Our little systems have their day—
They have their day, and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, Oh God! art more than they."

It is now upwards of twelve years since I began, under very singular circumstances, to turn my attention to this great and overwhelming subject of Spiritualism; and during that time, save when struggling, at first, with a timid judgment, I have never swerved from proclaiming my convictions of its truth, without failing to allow to my adversaries all the "vantage ground" I could give them, and such information as they desired from me. Foolish and impudent attacks, like those of Mr. Yates, the Flaneur—or organised and contradictory hostility, such as that evinced by writers in *All the Year Round*, and sanctioned by the proprietors, only become food for laughter, unextinguishable as that which shook Olympus, when Vulcan condescended to the office of Hebe.

I trust you will kindly insert this at your convenience, and at the same time correct the only typographical error in my letter.

On page 200, line 6, I am made to say, "Our truest organised and most benevolent master." This would falsify my argument and my creed. It stood in my letter "Our truest organiser, and &c.... Truly yours,

KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE.

Chiswick, July 1, 1865.

FAMILIARITY.—Wish to be familiar only with God and his holy angels, and shun the notice and intimacy of men. Charity is due to all; but familiarity is the right of none. KEMPS.

COMMUNICATION FROM WILKES BOOTH.

HERE I am. I suffer. Can you ask me, you who are a spiritual medium. Time has chilled in you the sentiments of the young. Study has taught you to distinguish truth from falsehood. Experience of revolutions, in which you have assisted as a spectator, more or less cold, has rendered you indifferent to that which excites men placed in other moral conditions, and breathing an atmosphere entirely different to yours. You ask me the motive of my crime. I shall astonish you perhaps in telling you that I cannot tell you the exact motive to-day. I see the precipice covered beneath my feet. I recognise the extent of the crime I have committed, and I see the terrible consequences. I would not lie to my conscience, above all in presence of the spirits who see me, who read my thoughts, and whom I cannot deceive. If I had been taken and transferred before the assizes of the American people, I would have draped myself in the mantle of Brutus, and played to the end in this bloody drama: but I am not before men. I am summoned before the tribunal of my conscience, and this is what it says to me, "Assassin, murderer of one of thy brothers, and one of the greatest amongst them!" Pray for me, I ask of you, and I shall be very thankful to you; for your duty is to console, and not to interrogate like to a judge; because you would absolutely know the motive which armed my arms. I will tell you. The President was wrong, in my estimation, in presenting himself twice before the committee of the people. I suspected him of ambition, and desirous of perpetuating his authority as the head of the Government. I was excited by the sight of these ruins, which had replaced the splendours of the South, so rich before the war. I was indignant that the great measure of emancipation was in the hands of President Lincoln—an arm of war—and not the result of a profound conviction; at least I thought it. To-day I recognise my error; but you must not judge after your opinion is formed in your chamber. Assist tranquilly to further the centre of agitation where I have been during the last four years. Imagine yourself living amongst this people, who have deserted their counting-houses, their workshops, their warehouses, their pleasures, their business, to rush into the army. Think of the emotion which seizes the coldest heart, when it thus sees all society in arms. Think of my profession, which had developed in my spirit the ideas of liberty, of independence; made, also, the part of vanity, of pride, to see myself named in history as the saviour of the Americans of the South; for this violent death of the President was not the end of the plot. The journals have told you that we had proposed to seize hostages amongst the members of the Government, to facilitate the recognition of the South. The defection of Lee, the fall of Pittsburgh and of Richmond came, came to modify our projects, and there was no use in the continuation of the war. Still lies the constitution of the frail edifice built by the Southerners. My ideas are troubled. I have breathed the vengeance I would satisfy, at the risk of losing my life. The hope of escaping sustained me. In America it is easier to save oneself than in Europe; and I will tell you (to-day I see it, and did not know it on earth). I had to wrestle against the desire of killing one of my fellow creatures, and to resist this trial I yielded. I do not complain. I have been conquered by the genius of evil. I expired. I knew it—I deserved it; but I have also the right to recommend myself to your charity.

I have answered your question. I have explained what appeared, to me, inexplicable, the motive which made me shed the blood of the President.

I ask pardon of the Creator, for having been the Cain of America. I beseech Thee, Great Goodness of the Saviour, to give me strength to support my tortures, and I claim your prayers, not only to-day, but every day; for it is not only one day that I suffer, but for ages and ages. It is my fault, I know. I accept the punishment of the crime; but I ask of you a glass of water to calm the thirst which devours me. I ask of you the prayers of the spirit for I believe if I am not deceived that you will do me good.

SPIRIT—WILKES BOOTH.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

About this time last year I was desired by two of our neighbours to go with them to Mr. Crowther's, at Skipton, who would not speak to them about a man that had been missing twenty weeks, but bid them bring a boy twelve or thirteen years old. When we came in he stood reading a book. He put me into a bed with a looking-glass in my hand and covered me all over. Then he asked me whom I had a mind to see and I said my mother. I presently saw her with a lock of wool in her hand, standing just in the place and the clothes she was in, as she told me afterwards. Then he bid me look again for the man that was missing, who was one of our neighbours; and I looked and saw him riding towards Idle; but he was very drunk, and he stopped at the ale-house and drank two pints more; and he pulled out a guinea to change. Two men stood by, a big man and a little man; and they went before him and got two hedge-stakes. And when he came up, on Windhill-common, at the top of the hill, they pulled him off his horse and killed him and threw him into a coal pit. And I saw it all as plainly as if I were

close to them: and if I saw the men I should know them again. We went back to Bradford that night, and the next day I went with our neighbours, to the spot where he was killed and the pit into which he was thrown. And a man went down and brought him up; and it was as I had told him; his handkerchief was tied about his mouth, and fastened behind his neck." On which Mr. Wesley makes this remark:—"Is it improbable only, or flatly impossible, when all the circumstances are considered, and this should be all fiction? They that can believe this may believe a man's getting into a bottle." And then Mr. Wesley goes on to say that a little before the conclusion of the late war in Flanders, one who came from thence gave a very strange relation. "I knew not what judgment to form of this; but waited till John Haime should come over, of whose veracity I could no more doubt than his understanding." The account he gave was this:—"Jonathan Pyrah was a member of our society, in Flanders. I knew him some years, and knew him to be a man of unblameable character. One day he was summoned to appear before the board of general officers. One of them said, "What is this which we hear of you? We hear you are turned prophet, and that you foretell the downfall of the bloody house of Bourbon, and the haughty house of Austria. We should be glad if you are a real prophet, and if your prophecies came true. But what sign do you give to convince us you are so; and that your predictions will come to pass?" He readily answered—Gentlemen—"I give you a sign. To-morrow at twelve o'clock you shall have such a storm of thunder and lightning as you never had before since you came into Flanders. I give you a second sign—as little as any of you expect any such thing, as little appearance of it as there is now, you shall have a general engagement with the French within three days. I give you a third sign—I shall be ordered to advance in the first line. If I am a false prophet, I shall be shot dead at the first discharge; but if I am a true prophet I shall only receive a musket ball in the calf of my left leg. At twelve the next day there was such thunder and lightning as they had never had before in Flanders. On the third day, contrary to all expectation, was the general battle of Fontenoy. He was ordered to advance in the first line, and at the very first discharge he received a musket ball in the calf of his left leg." To which account by Haime, Mr. Wesley adds:—"And yet all this profited him nothing, either for temporal or eternal happiness. When the war was over he returned to England; but the story was got before him, in consequence of which he was sent for by the Countess of St ——s, and several other persons of quality, who were desirous to receive so surprising an account from his own mouth. He could not bear so much honour. It quite turned his brain. In a little time he ran stark mad. And so he continues till this day, being still, as I apprehend, on Wilsey Moorside, within a few miles of Leeds."

JOHN WESLEY'S JOURNAL.

WINTER'S TALE.

Now the leafy wealth of autumn is all scattered by the blast,
But our hearts are warm and winterproof though skies be overcast;
There is one who blesseth nature in her silent robe of frost,
Guarding all her buried treasures so that none of them are lost.
Oh, our treasures, dearly cherished, yet resigned with patient will,
In the hollow of our Father's hand how calm they lie, and still,
In the slumber that He mercifully giveth, like the snow,
That the pain of being unclothed no created thing may know.

Now the Northern lights are streaming with their tremulous gleams of fire.
Flaming upward, broadening, sinking, then aspiring ever higher,
Like the tongues of great events that chant some glorious melody
Bearing words of love and faithfulness above, O Lord, to Thee.
Like the rainbow's arching tempests, flowers that fringe the eternal snow,
Beauteous fancies, plants of balm, which none but sorrowing spirits know,
Blooming only round the darkest fate, the verge of wild despair,
In the winter of the heart with polar midnight everywhere.

Now the rain comes showering down o'er field and lane and pleasant glade,

Where beneath the autumn sunshine briefly happy 'erst we strayed,
Rain to soften stony soil and bring fresh verdure to our bowers;
Oh! mysterious storms of heaven that tear-bedew the heart's wild flowers;
Failing friendship, toilsome strivings 'neath some vile ungrateful thrall.
Mean oppressions, where these bitter drops about them thickly fall
And the buds of faith and patience open with their rare perfume,
Then the pitying Master bears them to his Garden, there to bloom!

Now the planets close around us with a brighter, steadier beam
As we gaze along their mighty path away beyond life's dream.
In the evening through the frosty night the moon begins to sail,
Listening to the mournful tones beneath, all sympathising pale,
Casting tender, gentle glances on our troubled ways of earth,
Calmings sighs from restless bosoms, leaving hopes of better worth,
Shedding pure and lovely sheen until our torn soiled garments bear
Whiteness, glory, like our risen sister martyrs won and wear!

Now the wintry gales are sweeping on a thousand miles at sea,
And the rolling mountain billows hold exulting jubilee.
Vast and dark extends a rock-bound coast near the Promised Land;
How the hurricane falls hushed before that carrier dread and grand!
How the stormy waves of passion there recoil for evermore!
Who shall catch the first far vision of that fair eternal shore?
Who shall hail it from the rocking mast amid the tempest's song?
Pilot! steer the poor bark homeward that has braved the waves so long!

E. C. MOGRIDGE.

TEMPEST.—A wise man hath no more anger than shows he can apprehend the first wrong, nor any more revenge than justly to prevent a second.

HERLE.

SPIRIT TEACHINGS.

No. 1.

RATHER more than nine years since, when I began the investigation of Spiritualism, I attended a private circle, where discourses were given by an entranced medium. I took notes of these at the time, and put them aside. The other day, in turning over papers, I came across a packet of these. They are now submitted to the reader, and however imperfectly reported they may, at least, serve to show the tone and character of the messages given by spirits at circles formed for investigation and instruction. Their spirit throughout was eminently Christian, and certainly served a useful end in the influence they exercised upon the minds of those who were privileged to hear them.

The reason I have not spoken to you to-night through the medium of a pen is, because our medium's strength is very imperfect. We might be able to write a few lines through her, but should not be able to continue what we had begun. Most of you in the body have different minds, which are much diversified; your stations in life are also diversified, but you think that you all mean good, but how uncertain are your minds! To-day you think you would all labour and suffer ever so much for the good of your fellow-creatures and the glory of God, to-morrow you are indifferent and careless—you are in a colder climate; to-day you hope and believe, to-morrow you cavil and doubt; to-day you sympathise with your fellow-creatures, to-morrow you are regardless, or even harsh, to them; to-day you would do all you could to further the cause of Spiritualism—the cause of truth—to-morrow you are idle and forgetful; to-day you say, "I prayed earnestly and hoped sincerely that if this thing were true I might receive some manifestation of it in private;" you almost believed it, and felt happier and better; to-morrow you say "'tis all superstition and folly," and you will none of it. Alas! what is man? Does man know his own mind, his own nature, his own immortality?

The mind of the medium through which we manifest is our mind, as we first have to search, to refine, to purify it, ere our power can act through gross mortality. We do not act according to the will of the medium, but according to our own will. As we have progressed in truth, so do we offer it to you. So far as we may be in error we may disseminate it among mankind; but we have power to progress, to obtain more light, to discriminate truth from error. We have within our power the means to do so.

What is time, or space, or sorrow to us spirits? The only sorrow to us is, that men go down, instead of up, the hill, grasping at that which is temporary and worthless, and neglecting that which is everlasting.

A word to our friend.—We speak and act often through our medium. When she speaks, as it may appear, unkindly, it is our influence that is acting upon her. She is not to be blamed. Our friend,—what is he? All that man need be to man, kind, sympathising, affectionate, calm, and deliberate, capable of placing himself in a right position with those who come under his notice. The desire in the inmost recess of his soul is, for the world to become more enlightened, and man more worthy of the image of his Creator. Nothing has appeared too great an obstacle, too great a denial to overcome, to further the cause of Spiritualism. Hence, of a truth, his day has been bright, a pure blue and white; but a cloud has come over it. His thought now is, I believe in this power, but I want something more plain, in order that those I would have smile on me may believe it too. I am living in the world, I must provide for the things of the world; I must bring up my family, and maintain a respectable position, and at least appear to think as my neighbour thinks. Alas! if you must go with the world, and be what it wishes you to be, you cannot be what we would wish you to be.

If there had been more faith our power would have expanded like the flower which is put into the earth. We would have brought you more and more truth. We thought it best to give you simple truths, and you have thought yourselves men, and not babies and sucklings. Hence, you have not regarded them as you ought to have done. The seed we have sown has appeared to sink deeper and deeper into the ground; but it has not sprung up in act to the glory of God, if you say I have not seen what others have seen, I have not heard and felt what others have experienced, I want these things to prove to me the existence of a Divine Providence.

You need not look far around you to find the evidence and proof of the goodness of God. The man who has not seen but has believed, and prays to God to help him, will advance still further in faith and knowledge.

With all the love we possess, we would say, "Let not our friends forget the work they have begun, especially those who have been so faithful, so fervent. Let not cold-heartedness or self-praise stand in the way." Tell our medium not to regard so much the opinions and prejudices of men; not to be ashamed of confessing herself a spiritual medium; to persevere and labour for the cause of truth.

Dear brothers,—How impossible is it for me to describe, by words, the state of your minds. It is like a flickering light flaming up and going down, and flaming up again brighter than before. To-day it is a staff to support you, a bright lamp to light your path, a garment to warm, a covering from the storm. To-morrow you are cast again upon the ocean of life; go on, you will come to your journey's end at last. Have you learned to look upward for guidance, to think and believe that there is a Power superior to, and above that of man. If so, go on, I beseech you. If you have prayed and hoped for such and such things, and have not received them, still go on. We are all love and sympathy towards you; we esteem you as friends and brothers, and companions hereafter.

God bless, guide, and direct you.

Not to the conceited, but to the weary heavy laden do we come. O, Lord, open the eyes and understandings of men, renew in them a right spirit, that they may understand the truth!

T. S.

THE ALLEN BOY MEDIUM AT ROCKLAND, MAINE.

The Allen Boy is about thirteen years old, thick-set and active, with red hair and corresponding complexion. He arrived in this city on Monday, May 8th, and I was requested to attend a *scânce* at the house of George Morgridge, in this city, on that day. The editor of the *Democrat and Free Press*, with many others, were invited, and on my arrival I found myself in the presence of quite a respectable company, both in regard to character and number.

Dr. Randall, who travels with the boy, manifested a good deal of anxiety and uneasiness for the result, as he wished, probably, to make a good impression on the editor, as his paper would come out on Wednesday, the 10th; but all to no purpose, for no manifestations were made during the evening, and we were all obliged to go away disappointed. However, we were invited to attend another sitting at the same place the next evening, and we were all promptly at hand. Before proceeding to give the result, I will endeavour to give you some idea of the arrangements made for the sitting. In the first place a chair was placed very near the corner of the room—as near as it could sit and hold the instruments—on this chair was laid a dulcimer, a guitar, a small bell, and drum-sticks. Directly in front of this chair were placed three other chairs, so as to form a space behind them of about four feet by seven. These chairs were placed in the following order:—One common chair, within four inches of the wall of the room; at the left of this, a high-back rocking-chair, eighteen or twenty inches from it: a shawl was then thrown over the backs of the two chairs, shading the instruments behind them from the light. Another chair was then placed to the left still further, in which the boy sat. These arrangements were made before our eyes, and all had liberty to handle and inspect the instruments.

Dr. Randall then took his seat behind the audience, shut off a part of the light—though still light enough to see everything in the room distinctly—requested us to choose the most sceptical to sit in the chair. A gentleman was chosen, who, on being requested, took off his coat and sat down in the rocking-chair, and laid his left forearm across the boy's lap, the boy seizing it with both his hands, one above the elbow, the other at the wrist, the boy facing the audience. A light shawl was then thrown over the boy's hands and the arm seized, the boy constantly keeping a motion of his hands, by gently pinching or pressing the arm, to notify to the gentleman that his hands were still there. After sitting fifteen or twenty minutes, the shawl between the rocking-chair and the chair at the right began to move; all at once the instruments were handled, and in a moment the guitar was held out over the head of the gentleman in the chair, then it was placed in his lap in a proper position for playing. The drum was now thrown on the floor, and the dulcimer sounded, when we were startled by three smart raps on the back of the chair, as if demanding something. Mr. Randall inquired if they wished some one to sing, which was answered by three raps. Some one in the audience began to sing, the dulcimer playing an accompaniment. The singer would suddenly change from tune to tune, from slow to fast, from grave to gay, the player changing as suddenly without losing the time. This playing and sounding of instruments continued some ten minutes or more, when the boy called for some more powerful demonstration.

The chair on which the instrument had been placed was thrown over the gentleman's head on to the floor in front of him. When he saw the chair floating over his head, he dodged and hit his head against it, which caused a swelling over his left eye. The boy, on learning this, remarked, "You have wounded the gentleman; now please heal him," telling the gentleman to lay his head back against the back of the chair. The gentleman obeyed, and a hand came and patted the place injured. During all this time the committee—the gentleman in the chair—often notified to us that the boy's hands were on his arm.

Mr. Randall now asked if he should let on more light. This was answered by raps in the affirmative. The light being let on, the hands were shown more distinctly. This hand showing continued for some time, till all were satisfied that there was no humbug in the matter. One hand seized the shawl between the rocking-chair and the chair on the right, say some nine or ten inches to the right of the rocking-chair, and drew it slowly down, so that all saw it plainly. Mr. Randall again asked, "Will you write your name upon the slate?" which was answered in the affirmative. A slate without frame was shown us, then handed to the committee, who passed it over his right shoulder. A hand seized it, and, I should judge, by the peculiar grating sound, laid it on the floor. It took the pencil in the same manner; then all was silence. Now we could hear the writing upon the slate distinctly; something was written, and then a dotting or crossing, as of i's or t's. The pencil was then dropped upon the slate; in a moment we heard it writing again. The pencil was thrown out and lodged upon the editor's arm, and the slate was held up over the committee's shoulder. On examination we found two names written upon it, which appeared to be in different handwriting. Dr. Randall requested that they would shake hands with the audience, who, one by one, were shaken

hands with or touched, the most of them the latter. When my turn came I was touched very lightly, when I requested, and rather insisted, on shaking hands. I instantly received a smart slap on the back of my hand, which was distinctly heard by the whole company. At one time the boy threw off the shawl from his hands, saying, "Here are my hands and here are my feet," while the instruments continued sounding and seemed to turn over on the floor. At length two smart raps notified to us that the *séance* was over, and I found myself astonished, but, I hope, somewhat wiser than I was before.

Mr. Randall held his *séances* every day or evening (except Sunday), sometimes failing to have any manifestations, but generally succeeding, till Thursday, the 18th, when he left for Boston. Thursday afternoon a private sitting was held, when few except Spiritualists were admitted. The manifestations at this sitting were of a more positive nature, otherwise not differing from former sittings. At one time two hands were seen at once on the right side of the committee; at another, the committee remarked, "Hands press me on each side at the same time;" and again the guitar was held over the committee's head from a direction opposite the boy, and played upon at the same time; and many other things were done too numerous to mention. A small boy in the audience and a man declare they saw the face of a woman behind the screen.

Quite an excitement prevails here on account of these things. Some call it all humbug, regarding it in the light of sleight-of-hand playing; others call it the devil's works; others, necromancy; others, mesmerism, psychology, electricity, &c., making a complete confusion of tongues. However, the committees—all that have sat in the chair when there were manifestations—pronounce it real, and some of them say it is truly wonderful. And thinking people in general here, as far as I have conversed with them, pronounce it no humbug, but very mysterious; and some say it will be scientifically explained by-and-bye.

A gentleman whom the Church calls Infidel remarked to me the other day that he wondered at the Church for calling it humbug; "For," said he, "it is the greatest and only tangible evidence of the immortality of man that I have ever seen; and why the Church should discard this, which is strong evidence that they have been telling the truth, I cannot tell."

An old gentleman who has passed the bounds of the Church, a reading, thinking man, who opposed, disputed, questioned, and denied Spiritualism in every phase, said to me, "I give it up; I am confounded; I will oppose it no more." These things convince me that Spiritualism is progressing, in spite of the many encumbrances hanging upon it.

Yours truly,

L.

—Banner of Light.

JEAN HILLAIRE.

(Continued from Page 205.)

MONSIEUR CAILLE, who resided in the Canton of Yonne, discussing the marvellous doings of Hillaire, said, "That if he could be told the manner of his brother's death, he would be perfectly satisfied to believe in spiritual manifestations. At that moment the medium, who was present, saw a spirit in military hospital dress, which he described accurately; and added that the figure was seated on an iron bed. He took up a pencil and wrote these words—

Recall to mind, my dear brother, the evening when you came to see me at the hospital at Saintes, when I begged you to remember me to all the family. We, neither of us knew then how near I was to my end, when suddenly, while I was speaking to you, you heard a gurgling in my throat. You said to me, "My poor fellow you are dying," and I was dead the next moment.

This was a perfectly correct account of what had occurred. In the month of December, Hillaire went to Bordeaux to give a *séance*. Spirits had manifested themselves to him. He described the appearance of a fine old man, with long grey hair and beard, and wearing a flowing garment. He held a piece of bread in his hand, and near him was another spirit looking miserable, and clothed in rags. The former gave the bread to the latter, who, seeming most grateful and happy, disappeared. Hillaire went on to describe that the old man produced a picture which he unrolled, and under it were written these words—

Follow that example, and you will reach the kingdom of heaven. Charity! have charity!

The picture vanished, and Hillaire saw the spirit approach and guide his hand, while he wrote these words—

Have courage, medium, to work. Do not abandon your task!

On the 10th February, 1864, Hillaire was at a meeting at Sonnac, and saw a spirit constantly by the side of Monsieur Rodet, who was present at a *séance* for the first time. He described the figure as that of a soldier in uniform, with a "3" upon his buttons. He wrote his name, "Poincaré." On being asked when he had passed away, he answered—

In 1830, on the day that Algiers was taken. I come to prove to my comrade, Rodet, that spirits can return to earth.

This latter did not recognise him at all, and begged for further details. These were given.

Do you not remember, my friend, that on the day Algiers fell, I was at your right when I was shot. We were charging with our bayonets at the head of the attacking column. I fell on my face. You thought, at first, I was not dead, and loosened my knapsack, and turned me on my

back. I was, however, quite dead; but I thank you sincerely now, for your kind attentions.

At first, Rodet did not remember the circumstance, but by degrees he recalled to mind his fellow soldier, Poincaré, of the 3rd Division, and even the details recorded, though they did not make much impression on him on that day of slaughter and victory.

The same day at Brion, Hillaire saw a spirit by the side of Monsieur Albert, which announced itself as being the wife of that gentleman, and gave her name, "Rose Albert née Balleau." This figure was described, and Monsieur Albert recognised the clothes mentioned, as those his wife was in the habit of wearing, with the exception of a silk handkerchief, brown and white, with yellow flowers on it. This no one could remember as having been seen in her possession. However, that evening in looking through the deceased's wardrobe, this identical handkerchief was found. These two last instances are principally interesting, because they go far to disprove the theory of many, that spiritual communications are only due to the reflection from the minds of those present, on the senses of the medium. In these two cases, it is very certain that no one was acquainted with the particulars given; and, therefore, the information could only emanate from an independent intelligence.

Madame Vittit had been showing signs of mediumship, and being anxious to gain power from Hillaire, occasionally passed the evening with him and her husband. On one of these occasions, Madame Vittit was receiving a message in writing, when she observed that Hillaire had fallen into a mesmeric sleep. For a quarter of an hour he neither moved nor spoke, which was a most unusual occurrence. At length he advanced to Monsieur Vittit, and clasping him tightly in his arms, with burning tears rolling down his cheeks, gave every proof of deep emotion. He then fell apparently senseless on the floor. The Vittits, much alarmed, called their servant, and moved Hillaire on to a bed, where he remained perfectly motionless. They thought it would be advisable to fetch his wife; but he hearing them said, "No my wife is praying for me; do not disturb her." After some time he arose, walked down stairs (fast asleep) entered the kitchen, took up his hat and basket, and left the house. He found the garden gate barred and bolted, but speedily opened it, and passed out, followed by Monsieur and Madame Vittit, with their servant, Mulon. Hillaire set off at a rapid pace, and the others found some difficulty in keeping up with him. It soon appeared to them that his feet did not touch the ground, and when quite close to him they could not hear his footfall, although their own steps were very audible, as the road had been freshly laid down with stones. Suddenly, he fell upon his knees, and addressed several spirits, calling them by their names; amongst others "Felicia," who had been with him at Bordeaux. Mulon, the servant, determined to examine Hillaire's progress, went some distance in advance of him on the road, and lay down flat, in order better to observe his feet. The medium, at length arose, and continued his journey. Mulon saw him distinctly walking about fifteen inches above the ground; and when he reached him, pass over him without touching him. When within a few paces of Sonnac, Hillaire exclaimed,

Dear Felicia, you wish me to awake.

He aroused himself, and expressed much surprise at his friends following him. They entered the house with him, and saw his wife, who stated that, at the hour mentioned, she had been at her devotions, and had particularly begged God's blessing on her husband.

Hillaire very seldom remembers what he has seen in the sleeping state; but on this occasion he described how Felicia's spirit had taken him to Italy, to visit the cemetery where her mortal remains reposed; and that this cemetery was situated at the foot of a mountain, by the side of which passed a railway. It must be mentioned that Felicia, first wife of Monsieur Sabo, died in Italy, and was buried in a cemetery situated as Hillaire mentioned, only that the railway had been made since her demise.

We know that mesmerisers can *will* their patients to remember any one particular thing, which happens while they sleep, and this coincidence of the spirit-impressing facts on the medium's mind shows how closely Mesmerism and Spiritualism are united; and, also, leads to the belief, that the extatic sleep of mediums is caused by mesmeric passes being made by spirits.

EDUCATION FOR CHILDREN.

An important convention has lately been held in Boston, U. S. A., to consider the subject of education for children. The appended resolutions will give our readers an idea of the scope and character of the gathering.

1. Resolved, That we are fully convinced of the great defects in the present system of education, and especially in those which presume to teach us religion and morality.

2. Resolved, That no true friend of humanity can reflect without shuddering upon the frightfully demoralising tendency of the popular theological teachings upon the minds of children.

3. Resolved, That the time has come for Spiritualists to make an effort to institute measures for teaching the truth instead of falsehood, by organising Sunday Lyceums at once, and, as soon as practicable, such other institutions of learning as the wants of the age and our philosophy most imperatively demand.

4. Resolved, That, to further these objects, to secure a more perfect acquaintance with each other as Spiritualists, and also with the general condition and wants of our common cause, to promote a more genial fellowship, and to effect a more hearty and efficient co-operation in our great work, we now become permanent, according to the following articles of Constitution.

HAPPINESS.—It is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

BACON.

ADJOURNED MEETING TO CONSIDER THE
NECESSITY OF ORGANISATION.

ON Sunday evening last, the discussion on "The Necessity of Organisation" was resumed at the Spiritual Lyceum.

Mr. N. W. ARMFIELD presided, and opened the proceedings in a brief, appropriate speech.

Mr. JENNESSON then rose and submitted the following suggestions for consideration :—

1. That for spiritual intercommunication and development, the members be organised in *séances* or sections of ten persons, each section to select a medium or conductor, to regulate the proceedings at each *séance*.

2. That ten sections shall constitute a branch or hundred, who shall, by their leaders, choose a centurion or secretary of correspondence.

3. For every ten hundred a moderator shall be appointed, who shall superintend, direct, and manage the business of the association, with the leaders of the *séances* and centurions, who shall form the council of the association.

4. In order to give more concentration to spirit-power, and thereby enable the association to expand its principles, a central office and depot of books to be established—viz., the Spiritual Lyceum, 14, Newman-street W., Mr. Cooper, proprietor; George's Grove, Barnsbury, N., Mr. Wallace, proprietor; Camberwell Green, S., Mr. Burns, proprietor; Class Rooms, 101, High-street, Hoxton, E., C. Jennesson, proprietor.

P.S.—The above are already established.

J. PERCEVAL, Esq., canvassed the opinions of Mr. Jennesson on one or two points, and thought that the meeting should not go into the general question of Organisation, but should confine itself at the present to the idea of organising the Spiritual Lyceum. He spoke very highly of Mr. Cooper, whose absence he regretted, and suggested the formation of a committee to assist Mr. Cooper and Mr. Powell in efficiently working the Lyceum. The following is a resolution submitted to the meeting by Mr. Perceval for consideration :—

That a committee of ladies and gentlemen shall be appointed this evening, or at a subsequent meeting, to assist Mr. Cooper and Mr. Powell in conducting and in carrying out the objects of the Spiritual Lyceum, with powers to invite other ladies and gentlemen to add to their numbers, and to correspond with other Spiritualists, or unions of Spiritualists, in these kingdoms, on the subject of their uniting with this Lyceum in carrying out their common views.

That the powers of this committee shall be confined to the object of promoting the union and co-operation of all other Spiritualists, or sections of Spiritualists, and to the administration of the affairs of the Spiritual Lyceum: And that they shall not be able to lay down any argument, or particular rules of proceeding or debating, without the sanction of a general meeting of the subscribers to the Lyceum and other Spiritualist friends.

That the committee may also consider the propriety of appointing an honorary secretary and an honorary solicitor, and apply to gentlemen to undertake those offices, subject to the approbation of the next general meeting at the Lyceum.

MR. SHORTER spoke at length on the general question of Organisation. Whilst admitting the necessity of organising the Spiritual Lyceum, he contended that Organisation of the general Spiritualists should be avoided, as it had been fatal to true freedom, and the instrument of persecution of the worst kind. As we hope shortly to give Mr. Shorter's address in full, we shall not here attempt a further report of it.

MR. LIVERMORE, in a neat speech, alluded to what he considered defects in Mr. Shorter's arguments.

MR. SPEAR spoke in favour of organising the Lyceum.

MR. ORVIS, in an earnest, logical, and kind manner, met some of the arguments against Organisation. We regret not being able to report Mr. Orvis's exceedingly beautiful speech.

The question was adjourned till Sunday evening next, at 7 p.m., when it is proposed to elect a committee.

"NATURE claims its own, and will not be mocked A charm, immense and horrible, has severed the visible from the invisible—the spiritual from the material—and our race has leaped from side to side, according to its wayward mood, after plunging into the abyss with howlings that tore the skies, but found no pity there. Is this to be for ever and for ever? Is man for ever and for ever to be dividing himself into two parts, of which the one is to rend and gnaw the other, to be in its turn rent and gnawed? Forbid it, ye heavens, ye oldest, ye only gods!"—W. MACCALL.

Faith is a higher faculty than Reason,
Though of the brightest power of revelation;
As the snow-headed mountain rises o'er
The lightning, and applies itself to Heaven.
We know in daytime there are stars about us,
Just as at night, and name them what and where
By sight of Science; so by faith we know,
Although we may not see them till our night.
That spirits are about us, and believe
That, to a spirit's eye, all heaven may be
As full of Angels as a beam of light
Of notes.

AUTHOR OF *Festus*.

EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER ADDRESSED
TO ROBERT COOPER, ESQ.

As to Dobler. I told you he distributed five tickets, and relied upon a collection in silver, and the generous appreciative character of his audience for a remuneration. For two nights he kept a good face before meagre and not very generous audiences; but after the collection on the third night, I saw his patience and temper were giving way, and at the conclusion he stated his reasons for adopting a select distribution of free tickets; and he then reverted to the contemptible encouragement he had received in Ryde, stating, that persons in the reserved seats had contributed threepenny pieces, and one lady who came in her carriage, and whose footman was present, contributed one penny. Such, he continued, were the support meted to him by the aristocracy of Ryde he, with well acted offended dignity, said he should not disgrace himself by continuing his entertainment in the town. These well delivered expressions were met by strong disapprobation from the "Aristocracy of Ryde." One gent loudly protested it was "false." Dobler's assistant came forward, and assured the company it was a fact that one lady who came in her carriage put a penny in the plate, and pointing to a lady exclaimed, "there she is." The discussion grew hot, and was stopped by Dobler, who told his man not to argue with them, as they were not worth it. As the audience departed, the little boys took up the hissing demonstration. This exasperated Dobler, who exclaimed, "Turn out those d--- boys; turn all out." This, of course, met with a shout of derision, when lo! the conjuror's coat flew off with Davenport alacrity, and with a bound he was off the platform, and making a terrific charge, which speedily cleared the room. As to his performances, on the whole, they were certainly admirable. He has two cabinets, one a "patent cabinet;" the performances in which, I take to be a glaring and impudent deception. It stands on high trestles, and is open at the top. The centre is partitioned by two loose curtains, making three divisions in the cabinet. Two of the audience are tied up, one at either side, leaving the centre, containing instruments only. The doors are then closed, and hands are at once seen, and instruments played, and so forth. Then opened and all found as left, closed and repetition, &c. Doors open, and one man found without his coat off, still bound. Closed again, and then they walk out undone. The mystery of this, as told to me by Captain W., was this, "As soon as the door was closed, a man appeared before him, and told him he must unbind him and take of his coat, which he does, and then disappears. The professor leads you to infer the man is concealed in the cabinet, which I am convinced is false. He is concealed *not in*, but *outside*, at the back; and he either gets through a concealed door, or jumps over the top. The committee are asked to "walk round" and see that no one is behind, but *only when the doors are shut, and the man is safe in the centre enclosure*. When the doors are open he is hanging by some means at the back. I am positive of this, for the sharp eyes of my son detected for an instant, while the doors were open, his fingers over the back, and the top of his hair, he evidently having made some kind of slip.

THE MAID OF ORLACH.

A REMARKABLE CASE OF DEMONIAC POSSESSION IN GERMANY.

From the *Spiritual Magazine*.

AMONGST the valuable contributions made by Dr. Justinus Kerner to the literature of Psychology, none is more important, or at the present time more interesting, than a small volume published by him in 1834, and entitled *Geschichten Besessener neuerer Zeit* (History of Modern Possession.)

The first continuous narrative to be met with in Dr. Kerner's volume, and containing, probably, not only every known phase of modern possession, but every known phase of haunting by earth-bound spirits, is as follows :—

"In the small village of Orlach, in the Oberamt Hall, in Wurtemburg, lived a peasant named Grombach. He was a Lutheran Protestant, and much respected by his neighbours. The family was God-fearing, although by no means pietistic. Their life was like that of all peasants—one of incessant labour, both in farm-yard and field. Grombach had four children, all occupied in agriculture; but his daughter Magdalene was his most industrious child. Threshing, hemp-beating, and mowing were her occupation from earliest dawn till late at night. Although labour of the hands came easily to her, school learning came with difficulty, and she never acquired much skill in book learning. She had never during her whole life suffered from illness, but was a strong, healthy, happy child of nature.

"In February, 1831, strange things began to occur in the cow house. A new cow purchased by Grombach was found repeatedly fastened to a part of the cow-house different from that to which Grombach had fastened her. Grombach was the more struck by this circumstance from having assured himself that none of his own people had played a trick with the cow. Suddenly the tails of the three cows would be plaited in the most artistic manner, as though a skilled lace-weaver had executed the work, and then fastened the three tails together. When the tails were unplaited, they would speedily be found woven together again by invisible hands, and this with the most incredible rapidity, three or four times in the course of the day. This marvel continued to occur for several weeks, four or five times in the day; neither, spite of the greatest watchfulness, could human agency be discovered.

"About this time the daughter Magdalene received, once when she was sitting milking, a box on the ear from an invisible hand, which struck her so violently that the cap flew off from her head against the wall, from whence it was picked up by her father, who entered the cow-house, attracted thither by the sudden cry which she had uttered. A mysterious cat and bird appeared and disappeared in the cow-house no one knew how. Similar spiritual freaks continued to occur throughout 1831. On the 8th of February, 1832, whilst Magdalene was busied with her brother

cleaning out the cow-house, a clear fire was suddenly observed within it. These flames, which were seen by the neighbours, were speedily extinguished. The Grombach family were greatly perplexed at this burning, not knowing how it could have originated, except through the agency of evil-disposed persons. This bursting forth of flame repeated itself on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of February, until at length, at the urgent request of Grombach, watchers were placed by the police day and night within the house ; spite of which the flames burst forth in various parts of the cottage. Grombach now emptied the house of furniture, but the burning still continued to show itself, now here, now there, in the empty dwelling.

"A few days after the last burning, one morning at half-past six, when Magdalene entered the cow-house she heard the whimpering, as it were, of a child in the corner of the wall. Grombach's cottage had in part a very old wall in its foundation. This she mentioned immediately to her father, who went into the cow-house, but heard nothing.

"About half-past eight on the same day, the girl saw in the back of the cow-shed, on the wall, a grey, shadowy form of a woman, whose head and body appeared closely swathed. This apparition motioned to the girl with her hand. An hour later, when she was foddering the cattle, the same figure appeared to her, and began to say to her as follows: 'Remove the house, remove the house. If it be not removed before the 5th of March of next year, a misfortune will befall you. Return, however, for the present, at once into the house. If the house had been burnt, it would have happened through the evil wishes of an evil spirit. I have prevented this by protecting you. But unless the house be destroyed before the 5th of March of the coming year, I cannot protect you from a misfortune. Now, promise me that the house shall be destroyed.' The girl gave her promise to effect. Her father and brother were present, and heard the girl speaking, but otherwise neither heard nor saw anything. According to the girl's account, the voice was a female one, and the language High-German.

"After this the female spirit appeared various times to her, once whilst she was in bed, and conversed freely with her, telling her that her name had been Anna Maria, that she had been born at Orlach on the 12th of September, 1812 (Magdalene was born on the 12th of September, 1812), that she had been put into a convent against her will when she was fourteen, and confessed, upon Magdalene's questioning her, that she had been guilty of sin, the particulars of which she could not reveal. The ghost always spoke in a religious manner, making use of texts which Magdalene would not herself have remembered, and usually praying the 112th Psalm. 'You will naturally suppose,' the ghost once observed, 'that being a nun, I know nothing about the Bible, but I know almost all that is in it.' She appeared to read the thoughts of the girl before they were expressed in words. Once, when Magdalene wished that she should manifest herself to other persons, the spirit sighed, exclaiming, 'Oh, God, were I only released!' became very sorrowful, and vanished. Magdalene frequently questioned her as to the reason of her great suffering, and of her being bound to so evil a companion, and why the house must come down. To all which questions she returned only evasive answers, or sighed.

"From February till May this spirit appeared at various times, always speaking in a religious manner, and referring with much distress to her connection with the Black Spirit. At length she said that she should not be able to present herself again for a considerable period, during which time Magdalene would be subjected to persecution from her evil companion, but that she must continue steadfast, and return him no answer. Frequently the spirit foretold events which were about to occur, as that such and such a person would come on the morrow, &c.

"On St. John's day, when all the family were at church except Magdalene, who was remaining at home to prepare the dinner, suddenly the heard, whilst standing at the hearth, the report of an explosion in the cow-house. She was rushing out to see what had occurred, when she beheld a heap of yellow frogs upon the hearth; she was on the point of lifting them up in her apron to keep this new kind of frog to show to her parents upon their return, when a voice seemed to call up out of the ground to her, 'Magdalene, let the frogs go,' when, behold, they had vanished.

"After this commenced a terrible time of persecution. Magdalene, going forth in the early dawn to the meadow with her father to mow, would now hear a voice, as though it were that of a neighbour, calling upon her to stop, and that he would go along with her, then followed scornful laughter, and she would perceive the apparitions of animals, now a black cat, dog, foal, and a black horse without a head, none, however, of which could be seen by her father. Once, at mid-day, whilst she was turning the hay, a black man came to her, walked beside her up and down the meadow, and said to her, 'That's a regular bag of bones that comes to thee, what does she want? Thou must return her no answer, she is a very bad person; but answer me, then I will give thee the key to the cellar beneath your house. There are lying in it eight firkins of the oldest wine, and many, many, valuable things. Thy old father could make himself rich with that wine for a long time; it is worth something, I can tell thee.' Then he laughed contemptuously, and vanished. On the 4th of July, at three o'clock in the morning, a black man without a head appeared, and said, 'Magdalene, help me to make hay to-day. I'll give thee, for every swath, a French dollar. If thou wouldst only see how beautiful my dollars are, thou wouldst certainly help me to make hay. If thou wilt only help me, I'll give thee beer also, the next time I go into the cellar.' The black man always laughed contemptuously when he spoke such words as these, and in departing said, 'You are just a bag of bones, like the one who comes to thee, meaning the white spirit. Again, at five o'clock, he appeared to her, wishing to sharpen her scythe, and promising her money. At noon, also, walking behind her, and turning the hay with a rake which he carried in his hand, and endeavouring, as usual, to make Magdalene speak to him, saying, amongst other things, 'Thou must have a mass said, Magdalene; in order that the weather keep fine thou must have a mass said.' Both Magdalene and the district were Protestants.

"The black man's dress reminded Magdalene of that of a monk, and a monk he later on declared himself to be. On the 5th and 6th of July

he again appeared to her in the hay-fields, imitating the voices of her neighbours, and endeavouring to induce her to speak to him, but in vain. He was full of jeers, because Magdalene's father had taken a Bible with him as means of exorcism, constantly repeating that the mass was much better, much grander, &c. On the 8th of July he appeared in the house to her, whilst she was making a bed, and nearly succeeded in causing her to speak, through assuming the voice of a friend of hers, the servant of the inn at Orlach, but catching a glimpse of a black monk's figure she in time avoided replying. On the 10th, whilst she was giving the cattle water at a retired well in the woods, the black spirit came and said to her in the voice of her neighbour Hansel, 'Thy father told me to come to thee here in the woods, fearing that the black monk should arrive and get an answer from thee, which might cause thee much ill-luck. Now therefore I am come, and the monk is not now with thee, is he? But now I will also say something to thee. Yesterday, when I was at your house—it was yesterday, was it not? or was it the day before?—and thou wast carrying my little lad in thy arms, and went into the garden. When we were alone thy father spoke very angrily about thee, and said that he could never keep thee at home; that he must send thee away, either into a convent—was not that odd of thy father?—or get thee married. This is what thy father said, and I cannot say that I think he is very wrong. Now what dost thou say to the convent; when I was a soldier I was once in a convent, and it's not so bad as people think. Now, thy friend, the landlord's daughter, is thinking of going into a convent. Wilt thou do so likewise, or wilt thou marry? Speak and tell me. If thou art inclined to marry, I know the right fell w. Whom dost thou think? Then thou canst do what thou likest. But if thou goest into the convent thou need'st do nothing. That is the reason the landlord's Catharine is going into a convent; she likes to do nothing. Well, whether thou wilt marry or go into a convent, thou shalt have no more hay to stack. Are you finished with your rick? Huh? The girl gave him no answer. Although the black spirit could disguise his voice, he could not entirely disguise his figure, and thus she recognised him. But as he had said, neighbour Hansel (in his own person), that evening helped her with the rick, without knowing the promise that had been made for him by the black monk at noon, in his name.

"About this time Magdalene and her sister discovered upon a beam in the cow-house, a small bag which, as it fell down, jingled. She opened it, and found within it several *thalers* and smaller coin, altogether about eleven *gulden*. It was inexplicable how the money had come there. No one in the house had missed it, and no one else claimed it. Then appeared the black spirit and said, 'Magdalene! that is thine; that is for the box on the ear which I gave thee in the cow-house one day. That money I have taken from a gentleman in H——, who has cheated to the amount of six *Carolines*. Thank me for this, Magdalene!' but neither did this make her speak to him. In the evening the white spirit appeared, and said, 'It is well that thou didst not reply to his speeches; and that money thou must not keep, but thou must give it to the poor.' A third of the money was given to the Orphan House, in Stuttgart; a third to the Orphanage, at Hall; and the last third to the school-fund of Orlach. The white spirit further said, 'The next time that thou art in Hall, walk straight through the town until some one calls thee. He will give thee a present of money, and with this purchase thyself a hymn book. So after this Magdalene really went to Hall, and as she was passing along the street, a shopkeeper called her into his shop, and asked her whether she was the girl from Orlach, about whom he had heard; asked her to relate what had occurred to her, and then gave her a *gulden*, with which she immediately purchased herself a hymn book.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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Howe.

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